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The Atlantic Telegraph.

From the Louisville Journal.

This truly sublime poetry upon the Atlantic telegraph was written by Mrs. Warfield, of Pewee Valley, well known to our readers for years as one of the very highest geniuses of the nation:

In the gray depths of the silent sea,
Where twilight reigns over mystery,
Where no signs prevail of the tempest's mood,
And no forms of the upper life intrude,
Where the wrecks of the elder world are laid
In a realm of stillness, of death, of shade,
And the mournful forests of coral grow,
They've chain'd the lightnings and laid it low!

Life of the universe! spirit of fire!
From that single chord of thy living lyre
Sweep us a strain of the depths profound—
Teach us the mysteries that gird thee round
Make us to know thro' what realms unsought
By the mariner's eye or the poet's thought
The thrilling impulse flows free and strong
As the flash of soul or the stream of song.

Say, does the path of the lightning lie
Through desolate cities still fair and high
With their massive marbles and ancient state
Tho' the sea-snake coils at the temple's gate,
Or lays his length in the streets of sand,
Where rolled the chariot or marched the band
Or where, oppressed by his martial load,
The monstrous step of the mammoth strode?

Doth he raise for a moment his crested head
As the thrill of thought is above him sped,
And feel the shock, through every fold,
Firing his blood from its torpor cold,
Till he leans to woo the mystic chain
That stirs new life in each sluggish vein,
And seeks its warmth as it works its task
As a desert serpent in sun may bask?

Doth that slender cord as it threads the waves
Stretch past the portals of mighty caves—
Places of splendor, where jewels gleam
In the glare of the blue, phosphoric stream,
Shed by those living lamps that grow
In the lofty roof and the walls of snow,
And where the kings of the weltering brine
Hold their wild revels by throne and shrine?

We follow fast on thy path of fire
With a dreaming fancy, oh mystic wire!
We see the mountains and valleys gray
With the plants that know not the upper day,
We see the fissures that grimly lie
Where the wounded whale dives down to die,
And more! we see what hath stirred us more,
The wrecks that checker the ocean floor.—

Ships that, full freighted with life and gold,
Suddenly sank to a doom untold—
Galleons that floating from haughty Spain,
Reached not the haven of home again—
Martial vessels of power and pride,
Shattered and mounted and carnage-dyed,
And giant steamers that stemmed the seas,
Whose fate is with ocean mysteries.

Full many a message of haste and love
Shall quiver the broken mast above,
Or flash by those shapes, erect and pale,
With loaded feet and with shrouding sail,
That stand and wait, without hope or dread,
For the great sea to give up its dead,
When those long parted by land and wave
Shall meet in the glory beyond the grave.

Sad thoughts are these that have their hour!
Let them pass in the tide of exulting power
In the stream of praise and the anthem free
To the mighty Maker of earth and sea,
Who hath granted still to a finite race
To conquer time and to cancel space,
And through a human hand hath thrown
His grappling-iron from zone to zone.

Leaves from Gosse's Romance on Natural History.

HARMONIES.

Let us look at Darwin and Capt. Fitzroy threading their perilous way from the Atlantic to the Pacific through the Beagle Channel. It is a straight passage, not more than two miles wide, but a hundred and twenty miles long, bounded on each side by mountains rising in unbroken sweep from the water's edge, and terminating in sharp and jagged points three thousand feet high. The mountain-sides for half their height are clothed with a dense forest, almost wholly composed of a single kind of tree, the somtre-leafed southern beech. The upper line of this forest is well defined, and perfectly horizontal; below, the drooping twigs actually dip into the sea. Above the forest line the crags are covered by a glittering mantle of perpetual snow, and cascades are pouring their foaming waters through the woods into the Channel below. In some places magnificent glaciers extend from the mountain-side to the water's edge.—"It is scarcely possible to imagine anything more beautiful than the beryl-like blue of these glaciers, and especially as contrasted with the dead white of the upper expanse of snow." Heavy and sudden squalls come down from the ravines, raising the sea, and covering it with foam, like a dark plain studded with patches of drifted snow, which the furious wind is ever lifting in sheets of driving spray. The albatross with its wide spread wings comes careering up the Channel against the wind and screams as if it were the spirit of the storm. The surf breaks fearfully against the narrow shores, and mounts to an immense height against the rocks. Yonder is a promontory of blue ice, the sheer end of a glacier; the wind and sea are telling upon it, and now down plunges a huge mass, which breaking into fragments, bespreads the angry sea with mimic icebergs.

In the midst of this war of the elements, appear a pair of sperm-whales. They swim within stone's cast of the shore, spouting at intervals, and jumping in their unwieldy mirth clean out of the waters, falling back on their huge sides, and splashing the sea high on every hand, with a sound like the reverberation of a distant broadside. How appropriate a place for these giants of the deep to appear! and how immensely must their presence have enhanced the wild grandeur of that romantic scene.

SOURCE OF THE GANGES.

"We started quite early to reach the source of the mighty Ganges. The opposite bank being the best ground for burrell, we were in great hopes that we might find sufficient snow left to enable us to cross over; but the snow, that at times bridges over the stream, was gone. The walking was bad, for in all the small tributary streams were stones and rocks incrusted with ice, which made them very difficult to cross. On the opposite side we saw immense flocks of burrell, but there was no getting at them.

"At last, the great glacier of the Ganges was reached, and never can I forget my first impressions when I beheld it before me in all its savage grandeur. The glacier, thickly studded with enormous loose rocks and earth, is about a mile in width, and extends upwards many miles towards an immense mountain, covered with perpetual snow down to its base, and its glittering summit piercing the very skies, rising 21,000 feet above the level of the sea.—The chasm in the glacier, through which the sacred stream rushes forth into the light of day, is named the Cow's Mouth, and is held in the deepest reverence by all the Hindoos; and the regions of eternal frost in its vicinity are the scenes of many of their most sacred mysteries. The Ganges enters the world no puny stream, but bursts forth from its icy womb, a river thirty or forty yards in breadth, of great depth and very rapid. A burrell was killed by a lucky shot across the river just at the mouth; it fell backwards into the torrent, and was no more seen. Extensive as my travels since this day have been through these beautiful mountains, and amidst all the splendid scenery I have looked on, I can recall none so strikingly magnificent as the glacier of the Ganges."

A BRAZILIAN FOREST.

Very different from such a scene is the gorgeous gloom of a Brazilian forest, where the wiry-haired sloth hangs from the branches, the toothless ant-eater breaks up with its hoofs the great earthy nests of the termites, and the armadillo burrows in the soil; where the capybara and the tapir rush to the water; where painted toucans cry to each other, golden-plumaged trogons sit on the topmost boughs, and sparkling humming-birds flit over the flowers; where beetles, like precious stones, crawl up the huge trunks, and butterflies of all brilliant hues fan the still and loaded air. Not like the small and pale or sombre-hued species that we see in the fields and gardens of Britain are these: their numbers are prodigious; their variety bewildering; many of them are adorned with the most splendid colours, and some of the finest are of immense size.—Very characteristic of this region are the species of the genus *Morpho*; great butterflies larger than a man's open hand, with the lower surface of the wings adorned with a pearly iridescence, and concentric rings, while their upper face is of an uniform azure, so intensely lustrous that the eye cannot gaze upon it in the sun without pain.

Solemn are these primeval labyrinth of giant trees, tangled with ten thousand creepers, and roofed with lofty arches of light foliage, diversified with masses of glorious blossoms of all rich hues: while from the borders of the igarapes, or narrow canals that permeate the lower levels, spring most elegant ferns, lowly sensitive mimosas, great and fantastic herbaceous plants, marbled and spotted arums, closely compacted fan-palms with spreading crowns, and multitudes of other strange forms of vegetation in an almost inconceivable profusion. The gigantic scale of life strongly excites astonishment in these forests. In Europe we associate flowers with herbs or shrubs, but here we see trees of collossal height, in all the splendour of bloom, which clothes the whole crown with its colour.

VICTORIA'S FIVE DAUGHTERS.—Queen Victoria has five daughters. The oldest is the wife of the Crown Prince of Prussia. She is destined to become the future Queen of Prussia. The second, Alice, is the wife of the Prince of Hesse-Darmstadt, whose principality has been lately absorbed by Prussia. The third, Helena, became recently the wife of the Prince of Teck, who is a prince without a principality. Two remain unmarried—Louise, who is in her eighteenth year, and Beatrice, who is in her ninth. What is to be done with Louise, now that most of the Protestant German Princes have been ousted from their petty thrones by Prussia? There is only one Protestant Prince now available for royal conjugal purposes, and he is the brother of the Princess of Wales King George of Greece. Mr. Gladstone is, consequently, to proceed to Athens to enter upon this delicate negotiation. Her proposed husband is a mere youth, who dances well, and is fond of good cigars, and is tolerable good looking. He might make an admirable clerk in a millinery store, but is altogether out of his place as the chief of the spirited Greek nation.

GRAND AND IMPOSING CONFEDERATE FUNERAL IN KENTUCKY.—The Cincinnatti Commercial says:

On Tuesday last the bodies of ten Confederate soldiers, two of whom were shot by order of General Burbridge, some two years ago, in retaliation for the murder of a Union citizen of Scott county, Ky., by guerillas, were re-interred with great pomp, in the cemetery at Georgetown, Ky. Ex-rebel soldiers, rebel sympathizers, &c., to the amount of five or six thousand, formed the funeral cortege. Basil Duke rode at the head of about three hundred mounted men, formerly of Morgan's old command, and the widow of the latter occupied a carriage in the procession. All the rebel soldiers and many others who took part in the demonstration wore the red, white and red badges. The orations were delivered—one by Rev. Mr. Holland, formerly chaplin in Howard Smith's regiment, of Morgans command, and one by Rev. Mr. McGinn, a Campbellite minister at Georgetown.

"IS THIS A DAGGER THAT I SEE BEFORE ME?"—Gen. Ben. Butler left the City early yesterday morning. He went to the depot in a plain carriage, unattended by any escort. Were our Rads ashamed of him, or he of them? The only token of recognition he received on his way to the depot was this: Just after he crossed North street, a man in great haste ran from the sidewalk into the street, stopped the carriage, and exclaimed, holding up a dirty spoon, "Here, General, here's something you dropped!"—*Columbus (O.) Statesman.*

Learning a Trade.

It was a wise law of the ancient Jews, that the sons of even' their wealthiest men should be obliged to serve an apprenticeship to some useful occupation, so that in case of reverse of fortune they might have something to "fall back upon." The same still exists in Turkey, where every man rich or poor, even the Sultan himself, must learn a trade. How fortunate would it be now had it been a law in this country. "Would to God I had a trade!" is the cry of thousands of our returned soldiers. North and South, who find themselves ruined in pocket, with no immediate prospect of gaining a livelihood. It should teach parents that whatever else they may give their sons they should give them a good trade. One of our cotemporaries most truthfully remarks that a popular idea among our people is that all their sons should adopt a clerk-ship, as a means of obtaining their livelihood, and every effort is made to give them an education to that end. So far as the education of their children in the science of keeping proper accounts is concerned, the idea is a good one, as every young man should have sufficient knowledge to properly manage his own books, should he ever embark in business; but to make book-keepers and clerks of all our boys is a grand mistake. Better place them in a workshop, mill or foundry, where they can learn independent trades, which at all times will secure for them employment, and the pecuniary compensation for which will be at least as much, if not more, than the business of accounts. We earnestly advise all parents to teach their sons trades, no matter what, so it is an industrious pursuit; and let the future be spared the pain of seeing so many stout, able-bodied young men out of employment, and seeking situations where the pen only can be used. There is a dignity in labor; an honest trade is the best legacy a parent can bestow upon his child, for it will secure his bread where all else fail. We base our remarks upon the fact that nearly one hundred applications from young men were received by a firm in our city who recently advertised in our columns only twice for an assistant book-keeper. This fact alone in connection with the well-known scarcity of labor in mechanical industry, speak avolumes in condemnation of the popular error of making book-keepers of all our boys.—*Albany, (N. Y.,) Journal.*

MAMMOTH PLANKS.—The San Francisco Bulletin gives the following description of mammoth planks made from the big tree of California: "Visitors at the late fair of the Mechanics' institute may remember seeing two mammoth redwood planks, which were sawed at Noyo river, up the coast. These planks are the largest ever made, and at great expense and trouble were got out by the exhibitors. Messrs. Macpherson & Wetherbee, who desired to attract attention to the great lumber resources along the northern coast line of the State. These are seven feet five inches wide and twelve feet long, and are free from sap and knots. For the purpose of getting them out, orders were sent on to New York, to Messrs. Spear & Jackson, for a 12 feet sash saw. As the largest saw ever made of this description was only 10 feet long, the firm in New York thought there must be some error in the order, and wrote to that effect to the parties here. The order being repeated, the steel plate was made in Sheffield, England, and sent to California. Some persons who desire to exhibit the big planks at the worlds fair, to be held in Paris in 1867, have offered to purchase them: but the owners have determined that it would be more appropriate and valuable to the state to have such lumber interests represented at Washington.—With this view they intend donating one of the planks to either the agricultural department or the Smithsonian institute at Washington, where hundreds of thousands of visitors can see it every year; and the other may be exhibited at the world's fair in 1867, to be afterwards donated to the British museum in London."

BRAZIL.—For the benefit of those of our friends whose patriotism impels them to fly like cowards from the task of hard work set before the poor belabored South; who prefer to live a lazy, enervating, licentious life among a lazy, enervated, licentious people, instead of manfully going to work to place "the old land" on its legs again, we have carefully collected some important statistics of the South American Eden they sigh for. There may be found spiders with bodies two inches and legs seven inches long, that catch and suck birds; butterflies that are mistaken for humming-birds; green snakes, just like creeping plants, and a lively coral snake with bands of vermillion and black, separated by clear white rings; monkeys only seven inches long; and bald-faced apes that sleep all day and are remarkably lively all night. Reptiles, insects, and two-thirds of the fruits and berries are poisonous; and the birds, though boasting brilliant plumage, are songless. Take it all in all, the South, poor, ruined and desolate as she is, is worth a hundred Brazils yet. Let those who want to desert her, leave. They will not be missed, and the room they would have occupied will be filled by better people.—*Louisville Courier.*

GOOD JOKE ON THE POLICE.—A citizen of South Bend stepped into the Mayor's office and stated that last night previous a fellow came stalking into his house stark naked, and that he was there yet. Three policemen at once started on the run to oust the intruder. When they got into the house they asked to see the fellow that had come in there the night before.—The nurse brought out the baby which the citizen's wife had presented him with the night before. The policemen suddenly disappeared and it is supposed have had to stand a good many extra since.—*Louisville Courier, 4th.*

Character Insurance Company.

A good suggestion comes to us from the land of true morals, political religion, shoddy contracts, petroleum fortunes and wooden nutmegs. A writer in one of our New York exchanges proposes that "all employees to whose care money or property is confided shall be required by their employers to deposit policies of insurance guaranteeing their fidelity." This proposition supposes a very general dishonesty among our Northern neighbors, and is a direct insult to their integrity. It is predicated upon the assumption that there is as much danger of every man being a rogue as there is of every house being lost by fire, or every ship being wrecked by the storms of ocean. We dare say the risk is as great and as worthy of insurance in the one case as in the other, and we do not see why character should not be insured as well as property. At any rate we are anxious to see whether the universal dishonesty, of which there are such lamentable indications on every side, would not be to some extent remedied by an experiment of the nature alluded to.

Let us see how the plan would work. Here comes a man seeking employment as Cashier of a bank, an office of great temptation, which has proved very trying to the virtue of many Northern men lately. The bank President says: "Where is the policy of insurance which authorizes me to rely upon you as an honest man?" The applicant owns his inability to produce it, and the bank officer refuses to receive him because he knows where one set of knaves will not endorse another, he must be a *very* knave indeed. This reasoning in ordinary business transactions would be pretty conclusive, and no one could resist its effect where money was involved.—*Vicksburg Herald.*

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN ON WHISKY.—George Francis Train withdraws from the canvass as a candidate for Territorial delegate in Congress from Nebraska, for reasons which are thus set forth:

I am told to-day that money is wanted for carriages to bring up the voters, and to scatter among the beer shops and the groggeries. Any spare money I may have I prefer to devote to education and Christian charities. Purchasing votes debases the franchise and demoralizes the people. I have lectured too often for the Irish Father Matthew societies to go back on them by treating the voters. No wife, no little children shall have reason to complain of a drunken husband or father on election day on my account. Whisky is the curse of our time. It is ruining our young men, and hurrying our old men into the grave. Rich and poor, high and low, alike, are being destroyed under its blighting influence. When we have fewer breweries, fewer distilleries, and more Christian churches, more universities and more schools, the law courts and the jails will be less patronized, and the world the better for it.

THE SILVER HOOK.—Dr. Franklin observing one day a hearty young fellow whom he knew to be an extraordinary blacksmith, sitting on the wharf, bobbing for little mud cats and eels, he called to him: Ah, Tom, what a pity it is you cannot fish with a silver hook."

The young man replied he was not able to fish with a silver hook. Some days after this, the doctor passing that way, saw Tom out at the end of the wharf again, with his long pole bending over the flood.

"What, Tom," cried the Doctor, have you got the silver hook yet?"

"Heaven bless you, Doctor," cried the blacksmith, "I am hardly able to fish with an iron hook."

"Poh! poh!" replied the Doctor, "go home to your anvil, and you will make silver enough in one day to buy more and better fish than you can catch here in a month."

RURAL SIMPLICITY.—Miss Howitt tells the following as illustrative of the simplicity of the lower order among the Swedes:

Two servants were given tickets to go to the theatre, to which they went, and from which they soon returned. "You surely have not been?" asked their mistress.—"Oh yes; we went to the theatre, and sat there till suddenly a curtain drew up and some ladies and gentleman began talking together, but as it was on family matters we felt we were intruding, and so came home." A second anecdote concerns a contented hewer of wood and drawer of water. "Is not your work very monotonous?" some one asked him. "No, indeed, there is plenty of variety in it; sometimes it's wood, sometimes it's water.

A REMEDY.—The annoyance of the hiccough can be stopped so easily that every body should know how it is done. It is occasioned by the convulsive and involuntary action of the diaphragm, which lifts the stomach, as in vomiting and seasickness, which action is occasioned or possible only when the stomach is empty. The remedy is simple and infallible. Drink water or any other beverage slowly, with continual swallowing, so long as you can hold your breath. If you do not breathe in the process you "tide over" the convulsion, and your hiccough is gone.—*Scientific American.*

A lady of high standing in Bayseath, Bavaria, sent a large quantity of delicacies to the wounded men of a hospital, composed of both Prussians and Bavarians, with the request that they be given "only to Prussians." The noble Prussians returned her gift, saying that they and the Bavarians were all Germans together, and on the battle-field though enemies, in the hospital, wounded, they were friends and brothers. If any action can take anything from the horrors of war, it is noble conduct like this.

Far Out Upon the Prairie.

B. F. T., in the Chicago Journal, gives the following graphic sketch of the dissolving views to be seen from a flying railroad train on a Western prairie:

When the train strikes out from the wooded bluffs and ravines of the Des Moines upon the broad prairie, and you see the grass rank and strong, now ripening "with the flowers that grow between;" grass not very long ago trampled by the Lord's great herds, and never burdened with any semblance of harvest but the swaths of red fire, you feel that even by railroad you have escaped from the artifice of society, and begin to think about "leather-stockings" and a saddle of venison.

You have got out of the realm of white clover, that Christian grass of human homesteads, for, though one of Cooper's novels has set a clover field a blossoming in an utter wilderness, yet it is a phenomenon never witnessed anywhere else. The prairie is not as rough as you find it farther west. There is less of heavy sea on. You keep in the center of a flying horizon of about twenty miles in diameter. The sun shines but there is a golden blaze in the air. The light, reflected from different points, gives you illusive lakes that you never near but that all at once vanish—"sparkled, exhaled, and gone to heaven." The ripening grasses of various species growing harmoniously together, give you the russets that brighten into yellow and deepen into red, presenting a scene as gay as a painted atlas. Little hillocks, crested with tall, yellow flowers, dot the prairie like the knobbed door of a money vault. They are the work of those fellows in striped jackets—the gophers. The sky line for miles is unbroken, and the tall grass seems to rustle against the blue around the edges of the world. At last a small object is discerned, far out at your right. It has four slim legs, and is backed like a camel. Beside it is a small cigar box about the color of a wasp's nest. The one is a deserted stage station, and the other a wild barn, to-wit: a small haystack on four stilts. Clever, isn't it? When the horses eat up the roof it is spring! But the old route is abandoned, and the lonely objects look as dismal as the fragments of a wreck at sea. You think how wild this land scape, by and by, when, at the sound of the trumpets of March, the gay old storms croon along these plains, tossing the air full of shrouds that never were woven, blotting out the trails, and making a clean white world in a night. Looking about you in the car at last, you discover that the people have changed as much as the landscape. The finer evidences of a high civilization have vanished; the lady with the tilting hoop that passed along the aisle yesterday, fairly flattened into an interjection, and resembling a quaint letter O with the back of a woman's head and neck curiously sketched at the top of it, has gone. The man who donned a new silk hat to travel in has given out. The boy that stood up and pulled a screaming accordeon by the tail till everybody thought the law against "cruelty to animals" was a dead letter, is missing. The couple that came aboard this morning, hand in hand, like babes in the wood—he peppermintish and conscious, she red and ribbonish—slipped off together when nobody saw them. The fragrance of the night blooming cereus and patchouly has faded away. The women are fewer, the men franker and rougher. Yonder sits a young lawyer and his family bound for Dacotah. It is not present ease he considers, but the far future; the day when that small, fat fellow, in short breeches, clambering about his knee like a young bear cub, shall face him even eyed, and be a man. The young father is wise; he will grow with the young State. Here are men bound for mines of silver and gold, for mountain peaks and distant forts; for all wild and far away regions.

GENERAL JUBAL A. EARLY.—A private letter from General Early to one of his staff informs us that he has completed his narrative of his campaigns in the Valley. It was submitted to General Breckinridge and Major Johnson, who pronounced it accurate in every respect. General Early is in Toronto, Canada West, superintending the publication of his work, and his friends in the Valley can communicate with him there. This book is written by the General as his contribution to the "History of the War," and is published at his own cost, with no idea of a speculation. We predict that it will create a sensation when published.—*Valley Virginian.*

THE LARGEST APPLE IN AMERICA.—We have on our table an apple presented us by Col. W. C. Buford, from the farm of Mrs. Mary A. Milan, which we venture the assertion that it cannot be beaten on the American continent for size and quality. It is of the pippin species and measures fifteen and three-fourths inches in circumference, weighing twenty-eight ounces, and is one of a bushel and a half from the same tree that averaged one and a half pounds each. Who says Missouri is not a fruit growing country.—*Harrisonville Mo., Democrat.*

A THIEVES' COLLEGE.—A Liverpool journal has a story of a Thieves' College existing in that town. There are men and women teachers of the art of Cartouch and the Dodger, the pocket handkerchief, the purse and the watch [illegible] being presided over by different professors. Burglary, and the use of the garotte, is taught is taught by experts, and the acquirements of begging letters, is a branch in itself.

"If you ever marry," said a Roman consul to his son, "let it be a woman who has sense enough to superintend the setting of a meal of victuals, taste enough to wash before breakfast, and sense enough to hold her tongue when she has nothing to say."

DESERTED.

How sad, how much more desolate than death itself, must be the heart that realizes the fact that it has showered all its wealth of love upon a treacherous object, upon one who rifles the flowers of one's life of their sweets, and then, like a bee, wings off to rifle other life-flowers. 'Twas such a heart, robbed and deserted, that sung:

The river flowed with the light on its breast,
And the waves were eddying by;
And the round, red sun went down in the West
When my love's longing lips to my lips were prest,
Under the evening sky.

Now weeping alone by the river I stray,
For my love has left me this many a day;
Left me to droop and die.

As the river flowed then, the river flows still,
In ripple, and foam, and spray,
On by the church, and round by the hill,
And under the sluice by the old burnt mill,
And out to the fading day;
But I love it no more, for delight grows cold
When the song is sung and the tale is told,
And the heart is given away.

Oh! river, run far! Oh! river, run fast!
Oh! weeds float out to the sea!
For the sun has gone down on my beautiful past,
And the hope that like bread on the waters I cast,
Have drifted away like thee?
So the dream it is fled and the day it is done,
And my lips will murmur the name of one
Who will never come back to me.

A REMARKABLE CASE OF RESECTION.—Nearly three years ago a phamphlet appeared from the pen of Dr. Foremento, an accomplished physician of this city containing memoire of his prac tice while surgeon of the Louisiana Hospital at Richmond, Va. Among the remarkable cases related in these memoirs was that of a resection, which, to the unprofessional reader must have appeared almost incredible. The operation in question was preformed on the arm of Capt. H. B. Myatt, of the Lafayette Cadets, 14th Louisiana Volunteers, wounded at Gaine's Mill, on the 27th of June, 1862. His left arm was badly broken at the elbow. The next day 28th of June, four inches of the bone above the elbow were resected, and taken out through an incision which was then closed. In a short time the subject not only returned to the field, but returned with the use of his left arm to such an extent that, except in being four inches shorter, it was scarcely distinguishable from the other.

The report of such a case might well encounter doubt. But, fortunately, Capt. Myatt presents himself as a witness to its perfect verity, and is willing to exhibit his arm to the skeptical as occular proof.—We have seen it. The sight, though plain to the eyes, almost baffles belief. It is certainly a marvel of surgery. There is no sockery for the elbow, no junction between the upper and lower bones. The lower arm hangs as if just broken and held by nothing but the skin. But the muscles work perfectly, and the left arm can perform every movement which the right can with equal precision, and with walmost equal strength. New Orleans, the fame of whose surgery has long been so high and well deserved, has one more reason to be proud on that score.—*N. O. Bee.*

THE COOLIES IN CALIFORNIA.—The San Francisco Monitor speaks in unflattering terms of the Coolie laborers in California:

"We were informed, a month or so ago, that a person had arrived in this city from New Orleans to make arrangements for the transfer of 300 Chinamen to work on Southern plantations, and as all distinctions of race and color are abolished by the Civil Rights bill, so far as Congress can do so, we imagine the day not far distant when the copper-colored pagan labor will be substituted for the labor of the white man in all the Atlantic States.

"These coolies, for such they are, are a demoralizing blight to any community in which they are domiciled. They are active and ingenious, it is true, good copyists, quick of comprehension, and useful drudges; but they are filthy, thievish and infamously vile. They are brought to this city as merchandise, to be parceled out on the labor market, with no other condition than the supply of their animal wants and their return home, living or dead, at the end of the term contracted for. Very few of them return alive, but continue to work on their own account after the expiration of their term of service, and after death their bodies are picked up and transferred to the 'Flowery Kingdom' annually.

"There are several companies trading under real or assumed names, engaged in their import and export to and from this city. The Chinese population of California may be set down at seventy-five thousand; but it may not become us now to present any details of the demoralizing influence of so large a heathen population on a State which casts a little over one hundred thousand votes, or about fifteen thousand votes less than were cast in 1856."

INFORMANT TO LADIES.—When a lady would compose her mouth to a bland and serene character, she should, just before entering the room, say "bosom," and keep the expression into which the mouth subsides until the desired effect upon the company is produced. If, on the other hand, she wishes to assume a distinguished and somewhat noble bearing, not suggestive of sweetness she should say "bre-t," the result of which is infallible. If she would make her mouth look small, and needs enlarging, she must say "cabbage." If she wishes to look mournful she must say "kerchunck." If resigned, she must forcibly ejaculate "scat." Ladies when having their photographs taken may observe these rules with some advantage.

JOHN G. SAXE, the poet, was one of the orators at the minister meeting in New York. Mr. Saxe said: "I never knew Andrew Johnson called a traitor, without forgetting my manners and remembering only my muscle."

Wit and Wisdom.

A tea party without scandal is like a knife without a handle.

Words without deeds are like husks without seeds.

Features without grace are like a clock without a face.

A land without laws is like a cat without claws.

A man without a wife is like a fork without a knife.

A woman without a man is like a handle without a pan.

A quarrel without fighting is like thunder without lightning.

The great secret of navigation is contained in a small compass.

The more true merit a person has, the more he applauds it in others.

Comfort to the poor—nothing pays no taxes.

Credit—A wise provision by which sheriffs and constables get a living.

Stupid people may eat but shouldn't talk. Their mouths will do well enough as banks of deposit, but not of issue.

An Irishman being requested to define hard drinking, said, "It was sitting on a rock and sipping cold water."

A new style of bonnet has made its appearance in Paris. It is a twine string with a diamond set in the top.

A man who got drunk at an election said it was owing to his efforts to "put down party spirit."

The speaker who was "drawn out" measured eighteen inches more than before.

You may glean knowledge by reading, but you must separate the chaff from the wheat by thinking.

The last case of jealousy is that of a lady who discharged her lover, a sea captain, because he hugged the shore.

What is the difference between a woman who tears her dress and one who pads? One busts her stuff, and the other stuffs her bust.

The latest style of collars for men has turned down corners, on which appear dogs and horses heads. Asses' ears are worn a little higher up.

A young woman being asked by a boring politician which party she was most in favor of, replied that she preferred a wedding party.

What three words can a colored boy repeat, that being spelled backwards will convey the same meaning? "Do man named."

Everybody should possess six shirts, one umbrella and a home. The former to keep him in comfort, and the latter out of printing offices.

A cotemporary says that death has new terrors in these days, on account of the liability to be caught by some spiritual medium and made to talk nonsense post mortem.

A young man recently wrote to his sweetheart, saying: "There is not a globule of blood in my heart which does not bear your photograph." He had it very bad, hadn't he?

Hearing a physician remark that a small blow will break a nose, a rustic exclaimed: "Well, I dunno 'bout that; I have blowed my nose a great many times, and I've never broke it."

A minister out West advertised, in the hope of making young people come forward, that he would marry them for a glass of whiskey, a dozen eggs, the first kiss of the bride or a quarter of a pig.

A Confederate soldier, entering the fight at Murfreesborough, saw a rabbit running off the field. "Go it, Molly Cotton tail," he exclaimed; "if I didn't have a reputation to sustain, I'd be going it, too.

"John, can you tell me the difference between attraction of gravitation and attraction of cohesion?" "Yes, sir," said John, "attraction of gravitation pulls a drunken man down, and the attraction of cohesion prevents his getting up again."

A down east paper speaks of a neighboring editor as being so fat that if fried out he would produce soap enough to lather the whole Mississippi. This compliment is applied to the obese editor of the Skowhegan Clarion.

A lady asked a noted doctor if he did not think the small bonnets the ladies wore had a tendency to produce a congestion of the brain. "Oh no," replied he; "ladies who have brains don't wear them."

A gentleman hiring a servant in New York, after patiently enduring the usual catechism propounded by "help," when asked, "And have you any children?" replied: "Yes, I have five, but I can drown two or three if you insist upon it."

A young lawyer was asked by a judge whether, in the translation of souls, he would prefer being turned into a horse or an ass?

"An ass," quickly replied the lawyer.

"Why?" asked the judge.

"Because I have heard of an ass being a judge, but never a horse."

Don't write threw," said one to a lad who was writing with a diamond pin on a pane of glass in the window of a hotel. "Why?" said he. "Because you can't rub it out." There are other things which men should not do, because they cannot rub them out. Happy is the man that has none of these recorded against him.